Sha-la-la-la-la-la, My Oh My!

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Sha-la-la-la-la-la, My Oh My!

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

For @imagine-hannigram who made a post saying…'Imagine Hannibal kissing Will in front of his students.'

Notes

A prompt I did. Fluff.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal and Will had been dating for two months now. Ever since the Budge incident and Hannibal realizing that Will hadn't been killed. It was as if the man couldn't hold himself back any longer.

They'd been dancing around the possibility for months. Hannibal had been considering a friendship with Will. Especially after Bedelia told him he didn't really have any friends. Will had seemed like the perfect choice.

That small amount of panic that shot through his body when Tobias Budge admitted to killing two men was nauseating. If there was ever a way to figure out if you harbored feelings for someone, learning of their death was certainly a way to go about it.

Hannibal had been enraged. He took great pleasure in the snapping sound coming from Budge's arm. He loved it even more, when he was able to kill the man and get away with it with only minimal injury received.

While waiting for Jack and his team to make their entrance, Hannibal had reviewed all he knew about Will Graham and could admit that he was fond of the profiler. He cared very much and to suddenly be deprived of the man's presence. Just when he'd found someone 'worthy of his friendship', his beautiful light was snuffed out.

But then Jack Crawford led a surly brunet into the office that was being overrun by FBI personnel. Will's ear was bleeding and there was some blood on his collar, but at the moment, the very sight of him was like nourishment to a hungered man.

Hannibal allowed himself to revel in the beauty of that moment and how genuinely Will seemed to also worry for him. And he basked in it for far longer when he allowed Will to escort him home.

Of course Hannibal had all but forgotten his reservations in planning a friendship with Will when the profiler followed him into the kitchen and gave him that adorably innocent smile. Hannibal had simply moved, pinning the professor to the chrome of the fridge door.

Hannibal laid claim to every inch of Will Graham that evening and for many evenings to come as well.

So it wasn't really a shock that he decided to visit his lover while he was at work. Will rarely ever ate anything of substance and Hannibal enjoyed it when Will consumed Hannibal's cooking. How he tried to withhold his little moans and pleasurable hums at the flavors.

Today's lunch was a particularly nasty woman of questionable heritage. She'd taken ten minutes in the line at the market, trying to use her assets to get discounts and then got fresh with everyone behind her as well as the cashier when they tried urging her along.

It was poetic justice that she ended up joining the rhubarb she'd purchased that day.

Hannibal smiled genially to the people in the Academy as he passed them. They'd seen him before. He often came to help Will or Jack because he was '*just that kind and helpful doctor*'.

The bag was weighted with plenty of food and wine, plus a little dessert.

Will's class ended in a few minutes and he'd have the man all to himself for an hour and ten minutes.

Will's firm voice washed over him while he waited patiently in the entryway of the classroom, relatively unnoticed. The profiler was talking about Hannibal - well, the Chesapeake Ripper, but it was all the same - and his sheer understanding of the way Hannibal's mind worked was arousing. Hannibal sighed in besotted adoration.

Will assigned a two thousand word report on the Ripper's style of killing and any speculations on why, before dismissing the class.

Hannibal approached while his back was turned, politely nodding his head to the others in the room as they packed up. He was very aware of their gazes however.

He placed the bag on Will's desk and tapped his shoulder, startling him from his musings and preparations for his class after lunch.

The man spun around, mouth already open in what was no doubt a protest, but he froze upon seeing his lover and flushed just the slightest.

"Hannibal!" he gasped, eyes fluttering as he shifted his glasses down the bridge of his nose, effectively cutting off their eye contact.

Not one to be deterred, Hannibal reached up and gently removed the hideous frames, setting them aside with a smile. "I wished to join you for lunch, dear Will."

"I- well-" stuttered Will, eyeing the bag with interest as he backed up, right into his desk where Hannibal effectively corralled him.

"Where is my greeting, dear one?"

“But we’re in my class!” protested the man, looking around at the interested students and adding, “Why aren’t you leaving?!”

The lingering students hustled a little faster, casting glances every few seconds.

Hannibal smiled mischievously and caressed his Will’s scruffy chin.

Hannibal pointedly ignored the flashes that lit up the room when his and Will’s lips connected. He was too busy partaking of forbidden ambrosia to care.

Will’s answering flush was gorgeous.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my Hannigram fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

Check out my Hannigram fics!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!